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Of such unmerited inconstancy and neglect there are no localities in the neighbourhood of Dublin which have greater reason to complain than the village of Lucan and that which forms the subject of our prefixed embellishment. As the establishment of peace in Ireland led to an increase of civilization, which exhibited itself in improved roads and vehicles of conveyance, and the citizens, emerging from their embattled strongholds, ventured to enjoy the pleasures of nature and rural life, Lucan and Leixlip, with the beautiful scenery in which they are situated, became the favourite places of resort; and their various natural attractions becoming heightened by art, were described by travellers, and chanted in song. About "sixty years since" they had reached their greatest glory, and Leixlip was the favourite of the day. It is thus described at this period by the celebrated Doctor Campbell:—"All the outlets of Dublin are pleasant, but this is superlatively so which leads through Leixlip, a neat little village about seven miles from Dublin, up the Liffey; whose banks being prettily tufted with wood, and enlivened by gentlemen's seats, afford a variety of landscapes, beautiful beyond description." It was at this period also that O'Keefe, in his popular opera of "The Poor Soldier," makes Patrick sing—

"Though Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
Its lads so well dressed, and its neat pretty maids."

But though Leixlip no longer holds out attractions sufficient to gratify those whose tastes are dependent on fashion, it has never ceased to be a favourite with all whose tastes had a more solid foundation. It was here, and in its immediate vicinity, that the two Robertses, genuine Irish landscape painters, found many of the most congenial subjects for their pencils. It was here, too, that the strong-headed painter of strong heads—the Rembrandt of miniature painters, John Comerford—used occasionally to retire, abandoning for a week or two the intellectual society of Dublin which he so much enjoyed, and the acquisition of gain which he no less relished, to make some elaborate study of one of the scenes about the Bridge of Leixlip, which he, in his own dogmatic way, asserted, "for genuine landscape beauty, could not be surpassed or even rivalled any where!" This estimate of the beauties of Leixlip's "close shady bowers, &c." was, we confess, a somewhat extravagant one; yet, like most other honestly formed opinions of Comerford's, it would not have been an easy task to shake his belief in its truth, and to sustain it he could, if combated, adduce the testimony of his and our friend Gaspar Gabrielli, the first of Italian landscape painters of our times, who notwithstanding his pride in being a Roman, and his national predilections in favour of the classic scenery of his dear Italy, has often declared in our hearing that he had never seen in his own country scenery of its kind comparable with that of the Liffey, in the vicinity of Lucan and Leixlip.

But enthusiastic admiration of the scenery of Leixlip has not been confined to the painters. Hear with what gusto our friend C. O. lets himself out on this subject, not in his drawing-room character as the clerical Connaught tourist, but in his more natural, buoyant, and Irish one, as Terence O'Toole, our co-labourer in the first volume of the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—

"Any one passing over the Bridge of Leixlip, must, if his eye is worth a farthing for anything else than helping him to pick his way through the puddle, look up and down with delight while moving over this bridge. To the right, the river winning its noisy turbulent way over its rocky bed, and losing itself afar down amidst embossing woods; to the left, after plunging over the Salmon-leap, whose roar is heard though half a mile off, and forming a junction with the Rye-water, it takes a bend to the east, and washes the rich amphitheatre with which Leixlip is environed. I question much whether any castle, even Warwick itself [bravo, Terence!] stands in a grander position than Leixlip Castle, as it embattles the high and wooded grounds that form the forks of the two rivers. Of the towers, the round one of course was built by King John, the opposite square one by the Geraldines. This noble and grandly circumstanced pile has been in latter days the baronial residence of the White family, and subsequently the residence of [lord-lieutenants'] generals and prelates. Here Primate Stone, more a politician than a Christian [churchman], retired from his contest with the Ponsonbys and the Boyles to play at cricket with General

Cunningham; here resided Speaker Connolly before he built his splendid mansion at Castletown; here the great commoner, as he was called, Tom Connolly, was born. Like many such edifices, this castle is haunted: character and keeping would be altogether lost if towers of 600 years' standing, with rich mullioned windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing, with tapestried chambers that have witnessed pranks of revelry and feats of war, of Norman, Cromwellian, and Williamite possession, if such a place had not its legend; and one of Ireland's wildest geniuses, the eccentric and splendid Maturin, has decorated the subject with the colourings of his vivid fancy."

Terence adds:—"Leixlip is memorable in an historic point of view as the place where, in the war commencing 1641, General Preston halted when on his way to form a junction with the Marquis of Ormonde to oppose the Parliamentarians. Acknowledging that his army was not excommunication proof, he bowed before the fiat of the Nuncio, and lost the best opportunity that ever offered of saving his cause and his country from what has been called "the curse of Cromwell."

To this brief but graphic sketch of our friend we can add but little. Leixlip is a market and post town of the county of Kildare, situated in the barony of North Salt—a name derived from the Latin appellation of the cataract called the *Salus Salmonis*, "Salmon Leap," in the vicinity of the town—and is about eight miles from Dublin. It contains between eleven and twelve hundred inhabitants, and consists of one long street of houses, well, though irregularly built, but exhibiting for the greater number an appearance of negligence and decay. It is bounded on one extremity by the river Liffey, which is crossed by a bridge of ancient construction, and on the other by the Rye-water, over which there is a bridge of modern date. As the focus of a parish, it has a church and a Roman Catholic chapel, both of ample size and substantial construction, but, like most edifices of their class in Ireland, but little remarkable for the purity of their architectural styles. The latter is of recent erection. Its most imposing architectural feature is, however, its castle, which is magnificently situated on a steep and richly wooded bank over the Liffey; but though of great antiquity, it exhibits in its external character but little of the appearance of an ancient fortress, having been modernised by the Hon. George Cavendish, its present occupier. On its west side it is flanked by a circular, and on its east by a square tower. This castle is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry II. by Adam de Hereford, one of the chief followers of Earl Strongbow, from whom he received as a gift the tenement of the Salmon Leap, and other extensive possessions. It is said to have been the occasional residence of Prince John during his governorship of Ireland in the reign of his father; and in recent times it was a favourite retreat of several of the Viceroy's, one of whom, Lord Townsend, usually spent the summer here. From an inquisition taken in 1604, it appears that the manor of Leixlip was part of the possessions of the abbey of St Thomas in Dublin. In 1658, the castle, with sixty acres of land, belonged to the Earl of Kildare. They afterwards passed into the hands of the Right Hon. Thomas Connolly, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and are now the property of Colonel Connolly of Castletown. P.

THE CHASE,

A POEM TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH—CONCLUDED.

PATRICK.

O son of kings, adorned with grace,
'Twere music to my ear,
Of Fionn and his wondrous chase
The promised tale to hear.

OISIN.

Well—though afresh my bosom bleeds,
Remembering days of old—
When I think of my sire and his mighty deeds—
Yet shall the tale be told.

While the Fenian bands at Almuin's towers,
In the hall of spears, passed the festive hours,
The goblet crowned, with chessmen played,*
Or gifts for gifts of love repaid;

* The game of chess is repeatedly noticed in connection with various historical incidents in the early history of Ireland. Theophilus O'Flanagan, in a note to his translation of *Deirdri*, an ancient Irish tale, published in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin, speaks of it as "a military

From the reckless throng Finn stole unseen,
When he spied a young doe on the heath-clad green

With agile spring draw near :
On Scéolan and Bran his nimble hounds
He whistles aloud, and away he bounds
In chase of the hornless deer.

With his hounds alone and his trusty blade,
The son of Luno's skill,
On the track of the flying doe he strayed
To Guillin's pathless hill.

But when he came to its hard-won height
No deer appeared in view ;
If east or west she had sped her flight
Nor hounds nor huntsman knew.
But those sprang westward o'er the sod,
While eastward Fionn press'd—
Why did not pity touch thy God
To see them thus distress'd ?

There while he gazes anxious round,
Sudden he hears a doleful sound,
And by a lake of crystal sheen
Spies a nymph of loveliest form and mien :
Her cheeks as the rose were crimson bright,
Her lips the red berry's glow ;
Her neck as the polished marble† white,
Her breast the pure blossom's full blow ;
Downy gold were her locks, and her sparkling eyes
Like freezing stars in the ebon skies.
Such beauty, O Sage, all cold as thou art,
Would kindle warm raptures of love in thy heart.

Nigh to the nymph of golden hair
With courteous grace he drew—
"O hast thou seen, enchantress fair,
My hounds their game pursue?"‡

NYMPH.

"Thy hounds I saw not in the chase,
O noble prince of the Fenian race ;
But I have cause of woe more deep,
For which I linger here and weep."

FIONN.

"O, hast thou lost a husband dear ?
Falls for a darling son thy tear,
Or daughter of thy heart ?
Sweet, soft-palmed nymph, the cause reveal
To one who can thy sorrows feel,
Perchance can ease thy smart ?

The maid of tresses fair replied—
"A precious ring I wore ;
Dropped from my finger in the tide,
Its loss I now deplore :
But by the sacred vows that bind
Each brave and loyal knight,
I now adjure thee, Chief, to find
My peerless jewel bright."

He feels her adjuration's ties ;
Disrobes each manly limb,

game that engages the mental faculties, like mathematical science." O'Flaherty's Ogygia states that Cathir, the 120th king of Ireland, left among his bequests to Crimthan "two chess-boards with their chess-men distinguished with their specks and power; on which account he was constituted master of the games in Leinster."

In the first book of Homer's *Odyssey* the suitors are described as amusing themselves with the game of chess:—

*With rival art and ardour in their mien,
At chess they vie to captivate the queen,
Divining of their loves.*

In Pope's translation there is a learned note on the subject, to which the curious reader is referred; and also to a passage in Vallancey's *Essay on the Celtic Language*.

† Literally, *as lime*.

‡ This will remind the reader of a similar question by Venus in the first *Æneid*:—

— Heus inquit, juvenes monstrate mearum
Vidistis usquam hic errantem forte sororum
Succinctam pharetra, et maculosæ tegmine lyncis,
Aut spumantis apri cursum clamorem prementem?— EN. I. 335.

Ho, strangers! have you lately seen, she said,
One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn or in the forest stray'd?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar.—DRYDEN.

And for the smooth-palmed princess hies
The gulfy lake to swim.

Five times deep-diving down the wave,
Through every cranny, nook, and cave,
With care he searches round and round,
Till the golden ring at length he found ;
But scarce to shore the prize could bring,

When by some blasting ban—
Ah! piteous tale—the Fenian king
Grew a withered, grey, old man!

Meanwhile the Fenians passed the hours
In the hall of spears, at Almuin's towers ;
The goblet crowned, with chessmen played,
Or gifts for gifts of love repaid,
When Caoilte rose and asked in grief,
"Ye spearmen, where is our gallant chief?
O, lost I dread is the Fenians' boast—
Then who shall lead our bannered host?"

Bald Conan spoke—"A sweeter sound
Ne'er tingled on my ear ;
If Fionn be lost, may he not be found
Till end the distant year !
But, Caoilte of the nimble feet,
Ye shall not want a chieftain meet ;
In me, till Fionn's fate be told,
The leader of your host behold!"

Although the Fenian bands were torn
With agony severe,
We burst into a laugh of scorn
Such arrogance to hear.

To urge the quest, we then decree,
Of Finn and his hounds the joyous three
That still to triumph led ;
And soon from Almuin's halls away,
With Caoilte, I, and our dark array,
North to Slew Guillin sped.
There, as with searching glance the eye
O'er all the prospect rolled,
Beside the lake a wretch we spy,
Poor, withered, grey, and old.
Disgust and horror touched the heart
To see the bones all fleshless start
In a frame so lank and wan ;
We thought him some starved fisher torn
From the whelming stream, by famine worn,
And left but the wreck of man.

We asked if he had chanced to see
A swift-paced chieftain go,
With two fleet hounds, across the lea,
Behind a fair young doe.

He gave us back no answer clear,
But in the nimble Caoilte's ear
He breathed his tale—O, tale of grief!—
That in him we saw the Fenian chief!

Three sudden shouts to hear the tale
Our host raised loud and shrill—
The badgers started in the vale,
The wild deer on the hill.

Then Conan fierce unsheathed his sword,
And curs'd the Fenian king and his horde.

"If true thy tale," he cries,
"This blade thy head would off thee smite ;
For ne'er my valour in the fight,
Nor prowess didst thou prize.

Would that like thee, both old and weak.
Were the Fenians all, that my sword might reek
In their craven blood, and their cairns might swell
On the grassy lea!—for since Cumhail fell,
O'ercome in fateful strife

By Morni's son of the golden shields,
Our sons thou hast sent to foreign fields,
Or of freedom reft and life."

"Bald, senseless wretch! our care is due
To Finn's sad state, or thy mouth should rue
A speech so vile, and soon atone
With shattered teeth and fractured bone,"

Indignant Caoilte spoke.
With equal wrath said Oscar stern,
"Audacious babbler! silence learn—
"What foe e'er felt thy stroke?"

Then Conan thus—"Vain boy! be dumb,
Or tell what deed of fame
Did e'er thy Finn, but gnaw his thumb"
Until the marrow came?
We, not Clan-Boske, did the deed
Whene'er we saw the foemen bleed.
Behind thee, Oisín, may thy son
A puling, whining chanter run,
And bear white book and bell.
His words I scorn—in open fight,
Which of us twain is in the right
Let swords, not speeches, tell."

Him answered Oscar's trusty steel;
When craven Conan, taught to feel,
And trembling for his worthless life,
The Fenians prayed to end the strife,
And stay rough Oscar's blade.
Between them swift the Fenians rushed,
The rising storm of battle hushed,
And Oscar's vengeance stayed.

Of Cumhail's son then Caoilte sought
What wizard Danan foe had wrought
Such piteous change—and Finn replied,
"Twas Guillin's daughter—me she bound
By a sacred spell to search the tide
Till the ring she lost was found."

Then Conan spoke in altered mood—
"Safe may we ne'er depart,
Till we see restored our chieftain good,
Or Guillin rue his art!"
Then close around our chief we throng,
And bear him on our shields along.

Eight days and nights the caverned seat
Where Guillin made his dark retreat
We dig with sleepless care;
Pour through its windings close the light,
Till we see, in all her radiance bright,
Spring forth th' enchantress fair.

A chalice she bore of angled mould,†
And sparkling rich with gems and gold;
Its brimming fount in the hand she placed
Of Finn, whose looks small beauty graced.
Feeble he drinks—the potion speeds
Through every joint and pore;
To palsied age fresh youth succeeds—
Finn of the swift and slender steeds
Becomes himself once more.

His shape, his strength, his bloom returns,
And in manly glory bright he burns!

We gave three shouts that rent the air—
The badgers fled the vale:
And now, O sage of frugal care,
Hast thou not heard the tale?

D.

* A note in Miss Brooke's translations informs us that "Finn was reproached with deriving all his courage from his foreknowledge of events, and chewing his thumb for prophetic information."

† Quadrangular—the ancient cup of the Irish, called *meader*. Specimens of it may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

DISCRETION.—This is a nice perception of what is right and proper under the circumstances in which a person is called to act. It may be illustrated by the *feelers* of the cat, which are long hairs placed upon her nose, with which she readily measures the space between sticks and stones through which she desires to pass, and thus determines, by a delicate touch, whether it is sufficiently large to let her go through without being scratched. Thus discretion appreciates difficulties, dangers, and obstructions around, and enables a person to decide upon the proper course of action. "There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion. It is this which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work, and turns them to the

advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry and wit impertinence; nay, virtue itself often looks like weakness. Discretion not only shows itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary chances of life." But how shall discretion be cultivated in children? Chiefly by example. It is a virtue especially committed to the cultivation of the mother. She may do much to promote it, by rebuking acts of imprudence, and bestowing due encouragement upon acts of discretion. Let the mother remember that discretion is important to men, and see that she cherishes it in her sons; let her remember that it is essential to women, and make sure of it in her daughters.—*Dr Channing.*

THE IRISH MATCHMAKER.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THOUGH this word at a glance may be said to explain itself, yet lest our English or Scotch readers might not clearly understand its meaning, we shall briefly give them such a definition of it as will enable them to comprehend it in its full extent. The Irish Matchmaker, then, is a person selected to conduct reciprocity treaties of the heart between lovers themselves in the first instance, or, where the principal parties are indifferent, between their respective families, when the latter happen to be of opinion that it is a safer and more prudent thing to consult the interest of the young folk rather than their inclination. In short, the Matchmaker is the person engaged in carrying from one party to another all the messages, letters, tokens, presents, and secret communications of the tender passion, in whatever shape or character the said parties may deem it proper to transmit them. The Matchmaker, therefore, is a general negotiator in all such matters of love or interest as are designed by the principals or their friends to terminate in the honourable bond of marriage; for with nothing morally improper or licentious, or approaching to the character of an intrigue, will the regular Irish Matchmaker have any thing at all to do. The Matchmaker, therefore, after all, is only the creature of necessity, and is never engaged by an Irishman unless to remove such preliminary obstacles as may stand in the way of his own direct operations. In point of fact, the Matchmaker is nothing but a pioneer, who, after the plan of the attack has been laid down, clears away some of the rougher difficulties, until the regular advance is made, the siege opened in due form, and the citadel successfully entered by the principal party.

We have said thus much to prevent our fair neighbours of England and Scotland from imagining that because such a character as the Irish Matchmaker exists at all, Irishmen are personally deficient in that fluent energy which is so necessary to express the emotions of the tender passion. Addison has proved to the satisfaction of any rational mind that modesty and assurance are inseparable—that a blushing face may accompany a courageous, nay, a desperate heart—and that, on the contrary, an abundance of assurance may be associated with a very handsome degree of modesty. In love matters, I grant, modesty is the *forte* of an Irishman, whose character in this respect has been unconsciously hit off by the poet. Indeed he may truly be termed *vultus ingenui puer, ingenuique pudoris*; which means, when translated, that in looking for a wife an Irishman is "a boy of an easy face, and remarkable modesty."

At the head of the Matchmakers, and far above all competitors, stands the Irish Midwife, of whose abilities in this way it is impossible to speak too highly. And let not our readers imagine that the duties which devolve upon her, as well as upon matchmakers in general, are slight or easily discharged. To conduct a matter of this kind ably, great tact, knowledge of character, and very delicate handling, are necessary. To be incorruptible, faithful to both parties, not to give offence to either, and to obviate detection in case of secret bias or partiality, demand talents of no common order. The amount of fortune is often to be regulated—the good qualities of the parties placed in the best, or, what is often still more judicious, in the most suitable light—and when there happens to be a scarcity of the commodity, it must be furnished from her own invention. The miser is to be softened, the contemptuous tone of the purse-proud *bodagh* lowered without offence, the crafty cajoled, and sometimes the unsuspecting overreached. Now, all this requires an able hand, as matchmaking in general among the Irish does. Indeed I question whether the wildest politician that ever attempted to manage a treaty of